The Pennsylvania German as a Formative Influence in the Upbuilding of Our Commonwealth and in the Development of Eastern Pennsylvania

By *Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman*

On October 14, 1904 the following address was delivered before the faculty and students of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa. Colonel Zimmerman, historian and scholar, of Reading, Pa., won renown for his excellent translations from German literature, notably his fine rendition into English verse of Schiller's narrative poem "The Bell."—Ed.

BANCROFT says of the Germans in America: "Neither they nor their descendants have laid claim to all that is their due." It has been said that this may be attributable partly to language, partly to race instincts and hereditary tendencies. Quiet in their tastes, deeply absorbed in the peaceful avocations of life, undemonstrative to the verge of diffidence, without clannish propensities, they have permitted their more aggressive neighbors to deny them a proper place even on the historic page.

And yet so large is the infusion of the German element in the population of our country that in a volume recently written by Prof. Goebel, at the head of German Literature in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, it is claimed that it is not an exaggeration to say that at least one-third of all the white inhabitants of the country, and perhaps one-half, have some German blood in their veins.

I propose, therefore, to invite your attention this evening to an interesting chapter in the story of the Germans in America, with particular reference to the Pennsylvania Germans—what they have done in peace, for they have contributed largely to industry, to education, to science, to art, to all that goes to make the life of the American people happy and prosperous and honorable and successful, and incidentally to show what an important factor they were in the upbuilding of our Commonwealth and in the development of Eastern Pennsylvania.

And I will start out by making the claim that in the magnificent development of her vast natural resources—in her teeming manufactories of every variety—in her splendid and scientifically cultivated farms—in her railroads, canals and public works of every description in her busy and progressive cities, towns and villages—in her institutions of learning, her noble public school system and her newspapers, Pennsylvania stands today the peer of any State in the Union. She is an empire within herself, and there is upon earth no other which could bear complete isolation upon all outside intercourse with so little disadvantage. Her natural advantages are the endowment of beneficent Nature, but their unparalleled development and her steady progress are in great measure attributable to the sterling character of the Pennsylvania Germans.

Their social life, pure as the streams that ripple in their meadows, is the outcome of a simplicity born of a wealth of native cheerfulness and manliness that scorns ostentation, and that cares nothing for the glittering baubles of ultra-fashionable life.

Over eighty years ago Duponceau, in an eloquent reference to the people of this State, as well as to the beauty of their environments, as they existed during the first century of our social existence, said: "Should Pennsylvanians hereafter degenerate, they will not need, like the Greeks, a fabulous Arcadia to relieve the mind from the prospect of their crimes and follies, and to redeem their own vices by the fancied virtues of their fore-fathers. It is certain," he adds, "that no country on earth ever exhibited such a scene of happiness, innocence and peace."

It requires no strained effort of the mind to say that all this was and still is applicable, notably to the eastern section of our State, where the great bulk of our first German immigrants found lodgment and where precious memories of their acheivements in peace and war hang around their honored names like "cherubs on monuments of emblazoned glory."

That race character, which has been developed out of a thousand years of history on another continent, is unaltered by the influences which usually work our radical changes in these matters.

As with the German immigrant of today, so with the Germans who settled in Pennsylvania in the early days of this country. They did not look upon the United States as an El Dorado, but as the best country under heaven for a man or woman willing to work, and Germans are workers. They had heard of this new country, with its promise of fertility and loveliness and enduring treasures. It was to them a sort of Elysium which had long been prefigured in the chambers of a delighted expectancy.

Filled with high hopes and aglow with a restless energy, the lives and destinies of these people which at home had been hardened under years of severe discipline and surrounded with scenes of disappointment and joyless stagnation, were upon reaching our shores lifted into the light where "paradise found its fancied parallels"; where the earliest glimpses of this fair land must have been to them like the influence of the premonition of a first passion, when

> "Every bird of Eden bursts
> In carol, every bud in flower."

Chief among those who shed lustre upon the early history of our Commonwealth was Conrad Weiser, sometimes called "the Father of the Pennsylvania Germans"—the pioneer, hero, patriot, soldier, and trusted interpreter—concerning whom the prophetic words of General Washington have peculiar significance at this time, now that there is a movement in Berks county to erect a monument to his memory. Standing at Weiser's grave at the time of Washington's visit to Womelsdorf, the "Father of His Country" said, "The departed man rendered many services to his country in a difficult period, and posterity will not forget him." The fruition of the movement in Berks would, it is true be merely a local tribute and doubtless would long ago have been accorded to the pioneer of any other people than the modest Pennsylvania Germans. The broader tribute that he merits in the pages of history should not be more difficult or tardy of achievement.

Daniel Boone, a man of German American stock, was among the first, if not the first, to penetrate the wilderness of the far West. German and Swiss industry opened the forests of Eastern Tennessee. In Northern Louisiana German and Alsatian settlers were found as early as the time of Louis XV. A German Marylander, Johann Lederer, was the first to explore in 1669, the country west of the Alleghenies. A German made the first adequate map of Maryland and Virginia. John Zenger, a German printer of New York, was the father of the liberty of the press of this country. The two Conrad Weisers, father and son, were the first interpreters of the Indians. General Muhlenberg, of Revolutionary fame, who was afterwards the first Speaker of Congress, and his illustrious sire, were Germans. A German American, J. L. Hassler, created our coast survey. Two Germans, the Roeblings, father and son, planned and set into execution the great Brooklyn bridge. The iron railroad bridges, which span the ravines and rivers of this continent, were the invention of Wendell Bollman, a German of Baltimore, the father of the canning industry was a German, William Numsen, of the same city.

For a number of years in succession the sons of Pennsylvania Germans have led the graduating classes in many of the leading institutions of learning, and not so long ago one of them graduated at the head of his class at the West Point Military Academy, with another of the same race a close second, while at another of the large colleges a Pennsylvania German boy carried off a $400 money prize for proficiency in learning.

Only a few years ago occurred the death of a Pennsylvania German, Dr. Charles Rudy, a most remarkable man, who was founder and president of the International Institute in the city of Paris—a school that attracted students from all over the world; that had one hundred and fifty professors, and that had the patronage of counts and princes, of priests and prelates—among them the Prince of Wales and Pere Hyacinthe.

The Superintendent of the Public Schols of Pennsylvania is of the same stock, as is also the Deputy Superintendent—both of whom are among the foremost educators in the country. So were a number of the best Governors of the State—Snyder, Ritner, Shultz, Wolf, Shunk, Bigler, Hartranft and Beaver. So is Pennypacker, probably the most distinguished, in a literary sense, as well as in matters of jurisprudence and historical research, of the Pennsylvania Germans elected to the Chief Magistracy of the Commonwealth. So was David Rittenhouse, Pennsylvania's illustrious astronomer, who discovered the compensative pendulum and made an orrery for Princeton College much superior to anything before attempted, and who was a member of all the learned societies in this country and Europe. Of this same stock is George F. Baer, president of the Reading Railroad. So, too, with your newly-elected president, Dr. Haas, reared and educated in Pennsylvania, a graduate of her principal university and of the Theological Seminary, and whose scholarship is well authenticated in the half-dozen volumes of commentaries, criticisms and other departments of literature he has given to the public. And so on. The list of Pennsylvania-Germans who have achieved eminence in this Commonwealth, and who have contributed to its glory and development might be indefinitely extended, so plentiful is the material represented in all the avocations that go to make up our social, educational, professional, industrial and commercial life.

It may with truth be said, that in many portions of the State the descendants of the Pennsylvania German settlers are today the central influence and impelling power of a large proportion of the more important activities, viz., in commerce, industry, education, agriculture as well as in the professions. They are not only on your farms and in your workshops, but at your bars, in your pulpits, in your colleges, on your newspapers. They have become teachers, professors, scientists, judges, senators, congressmen, governors—aye, in every calling in life, be it high or low, you will find a brilliant array of men—descendants of ancestors who not only made this portion of the State so rich in historic reminiscence and its people so tolerant of religion, but who laid deep the foundations of a stable and an enduring prosperity.

Look wheresoe'er you may, you will find well-nigh countless evidences of German genius and German skill, while along every artery of trade are felt the quickening currents of German life.

Here in Allentown, as in Reading, and, indeed, throughout the whole of Eastern Pennsylvania, there are industrial quarters, especially in the manufacturing districts, where the Germans introduced various handicrafts in a modest way, that are now grown to be among the largest in this country.

It is likewise true that the Germans gave to the University of Pennsylvania some of its best teachers, and, both in its Medical School and at the Pennsylvania Hospital, such men as Wistar and Kuhn, Dr. Gross and the brothers Leidy, showed by their names the extent to which German birth and education benefited Philadelphia. At Bethlehem and Nazareth and Ephrata were the best schools of their day, and from the Moravians and Dunkers went out the missionaries to the Indians, the real prophets of peace, bringing back the Indian children to be educated into useful men and women. The quaint old Moravian graveyard at Bethlehem perpetuates the names of these converted Indians alongside of those who were the leaders in the work of education.

So in our own day the names of the Germans who are foremost in finance, in science, in art, in every branch of work that contributes to the public wealth and private happiness, ought to be gratefully borne in mind. The triumphs of peace are as great as those of war, and when the orators on "German Day" speak only and mostly of the Germans who were soldiers in the wars of the United States, they tell but half—and that the less important part of the story of the Germans in America, viz., their achievements along the lines of peaceful avocations.

Note, if you please, the extent and activity of the German press in Colonial America. Printing was carried on in thirty-one different places in Pennsylvania; three in Maryland; four in Ohio; five in Virginia; one in Massachusetts; one in New York, and one in New Jersey; and one in Nova Scotia. A list of the printers and publishers of German books from 1728 to 1830 is as follows: At Allentown there were 6; at Easton, 8; at Ephrata, 9; at Germantown, 9; at Hanover, 6; at Harrisburg, 11; at Lancaster, 26; at Reading, 17; at York, 8; at Lebanon, 5; at Philadelphia, 47, besides others elsewhere.

As partly showing what influence the early German settlers, right here in this part of the State, exercised in the development of our Commonwealth, how they made their way in spite of hostile legislation, it may be well to recall the time, 186 years ago, when the Quaker Assembly of Pennsylvania ordered that none but the English-speaking immigrants should be the subjects of naturalization, and that every foreigner to the English government arriving after the passage of this act should pay a duty of forty shillings and swear allegiance to Great Britain and the province. In spite of this and kindred adverse legislation, the proscribed German came and took possession of some of the fairest portions of our country, while the Quaker was gradually passing away.

"He perished in no great tumult of wars," says a writer, "nor by the march of any pestilence. He was neither indolent nor lacking in shrewdness; he did not starve to death, nor did the Germans so much as crowd him. He died simply because he was too good to live. But the proscribed German steadily bided his time. He came, paid his duty and stayed. He took possession of the rich farms along the Susquehanna, the Lehigh and the Juniata, and filled the glorious valleys which lead down to the rivers."

The writer, who should have included the Schuylkill, adds:

"The most timorous Quaker, fearful of German ascendency, could scarcely have had a prevision of the complete triumph attained by his Teutonic rival at the beginning of the present century. The Quaker was already little more than a memory; the German the potent factor of the social and political order."

It may be well in this connection to recall the fact that between 1750 and 1780 the Friends were quite influential in Berks, and about ten times as numerous in membership as they are at the present day. Before the Revolution they held many important offices, and we find most of the members of the Colonial Legislature from Berks were Friends.

History further informs us that between 1720 and 1760 Germans flocked to this country in vast numbers. They rapidly filled up these beautiful valleys of ours, encircled these stony hills with their habitations, surrounded and stifled the English Friends by a cordon of adverse influences, and held the Welsh at bay in the southern townships of the county.

These settlers were not martyrs in the religious sense of the word, but were driven by poverty from their native land to seek a livelihood in the New World. On their arrival in this country, some of them proceeded up along the banks of the Schuylkill for about forty miles, until they came where the Maxatawny empties into the Schuylkill.

The first clearings of these pioneers were in the neighborhood, if not on the actual site, of the farm of Colonel Peter Weaver, in Amity township. At this time, it should be remembered, there was no settlement at Reading or Allentown, and probably not one white man had penetrated so far into the western wilds. Philadelphia was only a straggling hamlet—a mere plot on the surveyor's chart.

And this leads me to the consideration of another phase of the subject, viz., the marvelous growth of this colony, and the wonderful prosperity which has attended the well-directed industry of the generations which grew out of it—recalling, in the one case, historic memories of a most worthy ancestry, and, in the other, reflecting the sturdy qualities of their numerous progeny. They tell a story of thrift and prosperity that may be read in the fruitful valleys and on the cultivated sides of our mountains; in the blooming orchards and flower-fringed gardens that may be seen on every hand; in the rich garniture of golden sheaves and in the extensive cultivation of the purpling grape with its imprisoned treasure of liquid sunshine. One, too, may read the story in the comfortable homes that everywhere dot the landscape, as well as in the splendid physical development and hardiness of the race of good men and true who, after enduring afflictions compared to which those suffered by the Pilgrim fathers were mild experiences, came here and wrought out the blessings and comforts of civilization.

Brave men were these pioneers; not weaklings. Hearts of oak had they; not mere palpitating machines that fluttered at the thought of danger. In their struggle for bread willing hands and vigorous constitutions were supplemented by healthful impulses and nerves of steel. They came not hither to settle down in the lap of affluence, nor to bask in the favor of kings. They came to wrestle with untried difficulties—to grapple with Fate—in a new world; to cut down and clear up unbroken forests, in which they were confronted at almost every step by hostile savages and wild beasts. Many and fierce were their struggles, "recalling the conflicts of Covenanters and clansmen in the highlands of Scotland, the bloody deeds of banditti in the defiles of Greece, the battles of Saracens and Crusaders on the plains of Asia Minor." But why recount this story of suffering and disaster?

(CONTINUED)

Die Amschel

Ich gleich es wann die Amschel singt
Im Schpotyohr; 's laut so schee!
So dief es in die Seel nei dringt,
Mer meent schier 's daet em weh.
Es bringt Moiblimmle in der Sinn,
Un Yunis Rosebracht;
Un widder darch die Waelder grie
Die Yugend danst un lacht.

Du bringscht der Friehyohr mit deim G'saang,
'S Schpotyohr mit dir vergeht;
Un darch der Winter kalt un lang
Ebmols mer dich aa g'seht.
Dei rote Bruscht iss wie en Schild
Gemalt vun Summerglut;
Mer denkt an Summer sanft un mild,
Wann sinke will der Mut.

Der liewe Gott hot dich geschenkt
Zum Troscht in daerer Zeit,
En lichter Blacke, das em linkt
An die Vergangenheit.
Dei Danklied dringt zum Himmel hie
Wie unsers dringe soll,
Waer unser Herz wie deins aa nie
Vun nix as Freude voll!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Mer nemmt's wie's kummt

Wann's immer Summer bei uns waer,
Mit Blumme draus im Gaarde,
Un Hunsdaage es gans Yohr rum,
Wann daet mer Schlidde faahre?

Wann's immer hell waer, immer klor,
Ken Schadde far drin loafe,
Wann's Sunneschein waer Daag un Nacht,
Was daet mer duh far schlofe?

Wann's niemand gaar ken Elend hett
Sei G'sundheit zu verdarwe,
Un's Lewe gingt so ewich fart,
Was daet mer duh far schtarwe?

Wann Leit so waere, as kens wett
Nix as sie net verdiene,
Un yeders gut un ehrlich waer,
Wer daet der Deiwel diene?

Supposin' wann mer fische geht,
Kennt mer en Mess rausziege
Vun nix as grosse Katzefisch,
Was daet mer duh far liege?

Supposin's het ken aarme Leit,
Un yeders kennt afforde
Far immer lewe unne g'schafft—
Wer daet die Welt supporte?

Wann all so gut beim Lewe sin,
As wie sie g'heesse warre
Uf ihre Graabschtee nooch em Dot,
Was waer die Use vun Parre?

Supposin' Maed waere all so schel,
As wie sie duhn appeare,
Wann Buwe um der Wek rum sin,
Wann daet mer karassiere?

Wann gaar ken Schreit waer in der Welt,
Un's hett ken Ungerechte,
Wann alles immer Friede waer,
Was daet mer duh far fechte?

Wann alles gingt graad wie mer's will,
Mit gaar ken Schdarm am brummle,
Un's Cash kaemt immer blendy rei,
Was daet mer duh far grummle?

Ich denk mer losst's so wie mer's fint,
Un geht so fatt mitnanner;
Der Kerl wu's bescht dutt as er kann,
Bringt Erd un Himmel zamme.

Der Solly Hulsbuck
(Harvey M. Miller)

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CONCLUSION

I often think of those thirteen eGrman families, who on the 24th of July, 1683, embarked at Gravesend, England, for America, where they arrived on the memorable 6th of October following, 221 years ago on Thursday of last week. Out of their German homes along the classic Rhine, away up close to the borders of Holland, these emigrants carried the teachings of their fathers.

In his description of the Teutonic heart Tacitus was right in naming the three great characteristics as "love of country, love of freedom, and love of domestic life." It was because of the hatred of tyranny by these early settlers, and their love of home and country, that they sought an asylum here. It was because of this that the blood of these early immigrants came to be among the first that flowed into the veins of the new Christian Commonwealth—the "holy experiment" which William Penn invited them to join in.

One can almost see that band of brothers, with great free heart, and solemn talk and prayer, giving thanks of God on that blissful eventide when they arrived on the banks of the Delaware. It must have been to them like standing on the shores of a golden age of Hope. And as they stood there in prayer, throwing themselves for the hundredth time

Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

the eye of fancy can almost see the glimmer of the rising moon upon the whitened sails of the good ship Concord, after its months of tempestuous sailing, bearing upon their ruffled bosom a light that seemed prophetic of the happiness and prosperity which would sometimes illumine their homes in the El Dorado which they had just found in the new world.

The stability of the German character is well defined in the expression that the Palatines were the "one race in the United States which most fully got into the soil," and in the fact that they have held their ancestral seats with less change of ownership than any other. In an article by Rev. Dr. Griffis, of Boston, who is author of several important works on Corea and Japan, that gentleman refers in eloquent terms to these people as surpassed by none in their loyalty to the cause of American independence in the time of the Revolution. He says:

"They formed one-third of the population of Pennsylvania. The German regiments usually went into battle singing hymns. Maryland also sent a German regiment and Washington's body guard of fifty-seven men were Germans. The European drill masters, chief of whom was Steuben, the man for the hour of Valley Forge, and who so drilled the Continentals that they never again were worsted by equal forces, were Germans. The most stubbornly contested, and, for the numbers engaged, the bloodiest battle of the war, was fought at Oriskany, N. Y., by the Palatine Germans. The preaching and social and personal influence of the Pennsylvania-Germans—led off by Washington's 'baker general,' Ludwig—did more to decimate by desertion, and weaken by enlightenment, the ranks of the Hessians—honest men, misguided and goaded to strange acts by British officers' lies about the Americans—than all the infantry bullets or artillery balls of militia and Continentals, or the accidents and sickness of war. The first ecclesiastical protest (1688) against slavery, the first book (1737) published against slavery, the first paper mill (1690), the first Bible (1743) printed, the finest and largest specimen of colored printing and book-making, the first work (1770) on the philosophy of pedagogics, in America, came from the Pennsylvania-Germans."

These words can hardly be said to be new, but they are true. That they come from New England gives them special value, for in that region the Pennsylvania-Germans have been most frequently misrepresented.

And these are the people whom and whose ancestry it has become the fashion in certain quarters to deride; of whom it is said they have no culture and no literature; whose language is held up to ridicule and whose thrift is made the subject of disparaging comment.

But what are the facts in the case? Let us call up competent testimony. "Of the persons emigrating from Germany to the United States," says Consul-General Mueller in a late report to the State Department, "nine hundred out of every thousand are fitted to enter the various walks of active American life." He adds: "As a rule, they are strong, well-trained and intelligent." And this from an English source; "Germany yields more intellectual produce than it can use and pay for," says the gifted George Eliot. What a magnificent tribute to the intelligence of these people! And yet, well educated as are the large proportion of those who come to this country, they are not of a kind

Whose pride of intellect exalts its horn
In proud contumely above the wise and meek.

Hegel was undoubtedly right in declaring that the German spirit is the spirit of the new world. As early as 1790, when the total population of Pennsylvania did not exceed 435,000, there were already 145,000 Germans. It is estimated that from this stock have sprung descendants in this State to the number of nearly 2,000,000, and that within the past seventy years over 5,000,000 German immigrants have come to this country—as some one aptly puts it—"every man of them with four hands." They came from every part of Germany and Austria, and they were of all trades except those of gentleman, idler and tramp.

What their influence on the wealth, the development and progress of this country is, it is impossible to estimate. It, however, forms no inconsiderable part, and as to the future, in the language of Andrew D. White, late United States Minister to Germany, "the healthful element of German thought will aid powerfully in evolving a future for this land purer in its politics, nobler in its conception of life, more beautiful in the bloom of art, more precious in the fruitage of character."

Cradled into freedom by hated injustice, and richly dowered with conscience, and the sterner virtues of civilization, our forefathers naturally became liberty-loving and Christian people. Their earnest and hopeful spirit, in full sympathy with the upswelling tide which marked the triumphs of humanity, were in fierce contrast with the spirit of langour which finds its chief satisfaction in the pursuit of pleasures that either cloy with their sweets or elude possession as soon as grasped.

The story of the Puritan and Cavalier, self- assertive and proud of their ancestry, has been told a thousand times—how they laid the foundations for the construction of the grandest Republic in the history of man—how they wrested a wilderness from savagery, and how they have made the annals of a century and more of our national life illustrious with the part they took in the early struggles of American liberty.

The descendants of this noble lineage fully realize, as they should, that great deeds cannot die—that they live in the forms and in the language which centuries cannot efface. As with our own ancestry, they came to this country "like a dawn, wherein a beam had slanted forward, falling in a land of promise, where fruit would follow."

But it was left for the German to wait for time and numbers to proclaim his mighty influence in helping to fashion the institutions of this country.

Indeed, it has not been so long ago that, in a systematic way, the Pennsylvania-German has been demanding recognition for the part he took in the great national drama. And what an important service he rendered in laying the foundation of this Commonwealth. As has been well said: "The Scotch-Irish influence has been stamped indelibly on our institutions and the fierce mastery of law, organization and nature. But the German—philosophic, calm, brave and patient—has been building noble and imperishable the superstructure of our greatness upon the foundations of the forefathers."

The native shrewdness of the Pennsylvania-German was shown in his acquisition of the choicest lands in the Pennsylvania and Virginia valleys. These he caused to bloom under a cultivation which represented the joint product of a scientific knowledge and patient toil. Comfort, order and cleanliness have ever been his handmaids, and a contented spirit the outcome of his patience and simple tastes. True, he had tasted of the dregs of poverty, and smarted under the stings of persecution. "He had known Sorrow, oft supped with her, and broke with her the ashen crust."

I might add that the same race characteristics; the same full measure of patriotic devotion; the same spirit of forbearance; the same sterling virtues of thrift, honestly and sobriety; the same love of personal and political liberty; the same spirit of religious tolerance; the same general aspirations for freedom; the same respect for the domestic virtues; the same sweet simplicity of character; the same all-pervading spirit of conservatism; in short, the same racial traits that were observed by Roman historians two thousand years ago and chronicled in the pages of Caesar and Tacitus, are present in the Pennsylvania-Germans of today—qualities which have come to them by inheritance, and which have been transmitted unimpaired through the waste and injuries of centuries of time and tide.

While all this is true and something to be proud of, but little can be said in favor of the perpetuation of the Pennsylvania-German dialect. In other words, notwithstanding the extraordinary vitality of the vernacular, which has survived the wreck of centuries, there need be no undue solicitude about its gradual, but ultimate disappearance from the languages of the earth. Its somewhat limited capabilities have been fully tested by Harbaugh, Horne, Fisher, Grumbine, Rauch and others, all of whose writings show that while the dialect is ample for the ordinary needs of expression, from its inherent limitations it lacks compass and flexibility. But the compulsory teaching of English in our public schools must eventually displace it as a medium of intercourse, even in this section where its lodgment has been so deep-seated and its use so general.

While I yield to none in reverence for the associations of childhood—and the Pennsylvania-German dialect is interwoven with every warp and woof of my early days—and while admitting the value of the vernacular as a help to the understanding of the pure German, with opportunities for appropriating something from its storehouse filled with treasures of human intelligence, it is not a growing indifference to its merits which prompts me to say that, in the category of living tongues, it should take its place as a purely secondary lingual accomplishment.

Tenacious as its life has been, it cannot, of course, lay even the shadow of a claim, as can the dead language of Rome, which exists only by sufferance in the liturgy of an ancient faith, to be "the voice of Empire and of Law, of War and State; breathing the maxims of the world and not the tenets of the schools"; nor yet like that of Greece, which "speaks to the ear like Italian, to the mind like English"; but it has proved itself good enough for the social and business intercourse of millions of people for hundreds of years.

As for their treatment in literature, the Pennsylvania-Germans have been sneeringly depicted by cheap newspaper scribblers as a typically stupid people. Some of these writers have no doubt portrayed some illiterate specimens of rustic simplicity—perhaps some lounger in a bar-room of a country town—exaggerated his peculiarities, or having no sentiment, manufactured a deliberate lie in the hope that it might find lodgment in the vacant cell of some already prejudiced mind.

The prejudice against these people is as unjust as it is ill-founded. Malignant ingenuity could hardly concoct a viler slander than that which emanated from the correspondent of a paper published in the northern part of the State of New York not so long ago, who described them as a people in whom ignorance, selfishness and greed are the governing traits."

These detractors of the Pennsylvania-Germans studiously ignore the thrift, industry, patience, honesty and piety of a people who have ever been celebrated for their virtues—virtues that "make the house a home, home a heaven, and create that patriotism of the soul that dares to storm the forts of tyrants, and win for mankind freedom of thought and independence of action."

It is not, however, a one-sided racial egotism that seeks expression here and now from me—no assertion of self-superiority of the Pennsylvania-Germans vaunting its vanity before the world, but it is well, on occasions like this, to re-kindle the spirit of liberty that had its inspiration in the patriotic heart of Germany which centuries ago rushed forth out of the deep repose of its woods like the breath of thunder, and, amid its revealed lightnings, lit up the popular heart with an ardor touched as by Promethean fire. It is rather, the recognition, in a formal way, of the work of our forefathers as a formative force in the upbuilding of our national system.

Let us, therefore, in season and out of season, do what we can to correct a prevalent and an unjust impression that is abroad concerning this much misunderstood people. Let us not be backward in giving, for the sake of the living who do not know, and for those who will come after us, a just representation of the sturdy character of the Pennsylvania-German.

Time will not be long before the lives of those who make up the ranks of this people will be a matter of tradition and history, and while we may have no mural tablets to unveil in honor of their needs, let us at least burn a little incense in honor of the good and true, whose achievements open to us like sweet-scented flowers, and satisfy the conception of affectionate memory.

Other nationalities are taking care of themselves. Let it not be said of us that through blindness or indifference of ours shall the memory of the generations of Pennsylvania-Germans, past and present, be clouded or obscured. Let us rather, in this regard, emulate the example of the people of the Island of Saints and Martyrs, whose unconquerable instinct of nationality persists in asserting itself, in spite of 800 years of the most savage and relentless policy of repression; in spite of massacre and exile; in spite of penal laws and the establishment of hostile garrisons on their soil; in spite of all the resources of barbarism and civilization, until it has forced a tardy admission of the justice of its claims from the conscience of England itself.

The vital characteristics of the Pennsylvania-German are earnestness and manhood. The great Commonwealth within whose borders we stand today, owes much to the solid character of this element in her population, who, from the beginning of our Satehood until now, have illustrated in their lives the development of an uncommon respect for law, the establishment of ideal homes, the adornment of every sphere of private and public service, and last, but not least, the building up and perpetuating of a system of husbandry that has drawn from the depths of earth's mighty productivity a steady and luxuriant return that has not only enriched the State and promoted the general welfare, but beautified her broad acres until, it may be said, they blossom as the rose.

The Pennsylvania-German has also an inherited characteristic of human nature, a certain phlegmatic temperament, a kind of fatalistic philosophy, a disposition to accept whatever the fates send, so far as outside circumstances are concerned.

The word "Zeitgeist" was a favorite with his ancestral prototype, as it is with the Germans of today, by which is sought to be expressed the idea of the tendency of things, or, as we should say, "the spirit of the age."

Apropos, it is related of the great German metaphysician, Hegel, that, when lecturing at the University of Jena, in 1806, there came into his classroom one day the echoes of the cannon of Napoleon, who there prostrated the old Germanic Confederation in dust and blood. Hegel calmly remarked: "Young gentlemen, there is a zeitgeist in town and we will adjourn."

One need not quote history to prove that the American-German has stood for liberty of thought and personal rights. In learning, in solid public and private virtues, and in patrotism, he is the peer of any in the land. He is a typical man, and belongs to a strong, noble class of citizens whose "true measure is the real measure of the State."

There is, moreover, much of the quality of iron and adamant in the German character—a quality that enters largely into the make-up of his American descendant, and helps to the building up of a stronger and better civilization, with the promise of a nobler destiny and a more enduring peace.

With these facts before us, the Pennsylvania-Germans and their brethren who settled in the Mohawk region of New York, may well look back with a pride as great as that of the New England Puritan to Godfearing ancestors who sought the forests of America to find freedom to worship accouding to the dictates of their conscience. By a singular coincidence these sturdy Protestants from the Rhineland embarked, like the Mayflower Pilgrims, from the harbors of Holland. Like them they belonged to sects oppressed by governmental intolerance; like them they came in congregations with their ministers and teachers, singing their pious hymns. They were a poor folk—mechanics and peasants with hard, angular features, showing the influence of generations of toil and privation, but next to religion they prized education, and the church and the school house rose side by side in their villages. There is abundant testimony throughout the Eastern section of this State, showing that they brought with them, too, habits of plodding indusry, of honest handiwork and careful farming, which soon earned for them prosperity in their new homes. The importance of this early German Emigration is seldom rightly estimated by people who read only the English-American side of our Colonial history.

And now, before closing, I may be permitted to express the hope that in the temple of Good Fellowship the Pennsylvania-German will hereafter take his seat as an honored guest between his more pretentious brethren, the Puritan and the Cavalier. He has been content, heretofore, wtih a mere passing glimpse of its portals, better satisfied to leave to others the seductive pleasures of the feast, with its tempting viands of solid comforts, the soothing swirl of its music, and all the cognate fascinations of the entertainment, while withdrawin ghimself to the sweet silence of restful solitude.

Looking back we see, or seem to see, an ethereal bridge spanning the centuries—one of its approaches supported by the golden traditions and precious memories of a noble ancestry; the other resting upon the deep-laid foundations of an undying reverence and affecion of a grateful progeny. Generations of dear ones are clasped in loving embrace across the shadowy structure, and the clasp starts an impulse that is felt along the line of the departed years. Although the farther shore is dim, yet across "the pulsing stream there are lines of lights" by the aid of which the imagination may behold the sainted splendor of sacred shrines whereat our forefathers syllabled their hopes and fears in prayerful petitions, and found fancy linger lovingly for a little while upon the parental nest where patriotism and valor and all the domestic virtues were tenderly nurtured, and where frugality, honesty and sweet content had their habitation.

Better and far more sacred than "the glowing purple of Tyre, the gold of the Ark, the sapphire and ruby of Persia, the unforgotten spoils of ruined Babylon, the tinged reveries of the early Christians as they slept in the dens of amphitheatres, waiting death," are the sainted memories of our forefathers, for the successful transmission of which we should labor unceasingly.

May the mellow music of those golden memories, like incense-laden zephyrs, sweep with tenderest touch over every heart-string until each responsive chord becomes vibrant with the voluptuous swell as of some divine melody.—The Reading Times, October 15, 1904.

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Die Alt Cider Miehl

Wann die Baerrickbletter faerwe
Un die Keschte draage brau,
Un der Wind peift darrich die Whiskers
Un mer mescht die Friehling Sau;
Wann die wiedich Glucke feddre
Un der Mush brot in der Pann,
Un die Mammi schafft am Sauerkraut
Un macht en halwi Ton;
Wann die Kaerbsecustards backe
Un es Welschkarn iss im Schock;
O sell's die Zeit far Bauchweh
Mit me dicke Cidersack!

Die Cider Miehl's am kleppre
Hinnich de alte Gaardefens,
Un die Schwarzkepp Hummler schwarme rum
Un schittle ihre Schwenz;
Der Daadi schitt die Eppel nei,
Der Knecht iss an de Miehl,
Un dreet die Henk lebhaftich
Wie en Drehargel Geschpiel,
Un die Maad iss bissi schnitze,
Un sie hockt sich uf en Weschp—
"Hail Kolumbi!" kreischt sie marderlich,
Un tschumpt sechs Fuss vum Nescht.

Der Eppelwei iss goldich
Un laaft im me siesse Schtrom
Graad nunner in der Zuwwer
Un's guckt owwedruf wie Raahm;
Un glei widder noch en Jigger,
Un's schmackt ihm gut, so nemmt er glel
Eens widder, widder, widder,
Bis endlich schlippt en Hummler
In sei alder Cidersack,
Dann g'schwellt er un explode dart uf,
'S waar en wunnerbaarer Schock!

Noh lest mer in der Zeiting
Vum grosse Accident im Deich,
Un die Landsleit kumme Meile weit
Am Cidersack sei Leicht.
Die alt Cider Miehl iss ruhich
Un der Knecht iss ufgeboxt;
Er waerd geblanst wu niemols nix
Wie Eppelwei ufwachst;
Awwer wie sie schtehne dart am Graab
Un losse ihn ball nidder,
Dann macht er mol die Aage uf
Un frogt far noch en Jigger.

Der Solly Hulsbuch
(Harvey M. Miller)